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# Dennis *The* MENACE

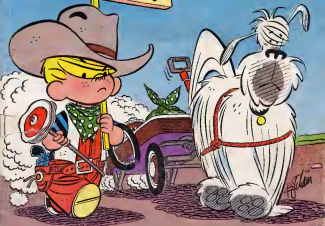
No. 21



10c

**TEXAS OR  
BUSTED!**

*Special Award Winner*  
**DENNIS THE MENACE**  
"The Best Comic Magazine of 1966 for its wit, humor, original and entertainment value"  
*Longsight Club of America*  
Robert M. Jones, chairman of the board



# Dennis THE MENACE



"YOU FEAN THIS IS A *REAL* CAR?"



"*WASH* THE SOAP WAS DIRTY?"



"HOW COME *YOU* CAN LOCK DOORS AN' I CAN'T?"



"I'LL LET YOU THINK DA *SWIPPY* COOKIES!"

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LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.  
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.



You'd better run home and find a bathtub, Tommy!

Gosh, YOU can make pies! Why can't WE?

There won't be any mud pies made in THIS kitchen!



Now go right up to your room!

Okay.

HON?



No fussing about being sent to your room?

I'm not gonna STAY there! I'm gonna pack my stuff an' go away to TEXAS!



Don't forget your toothbrush!

And your pajamas!



How far did he get, the last time he ran away?

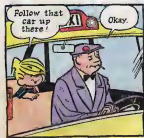
Just as far as the candy store.

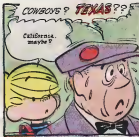


Aren't you gonna wave good-bye at me?

Oh... of course!

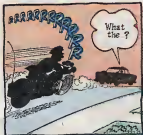
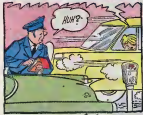
Right away, pal!







**HELP! I'M BEIN' KIDNAPPED!**





...an' I'm just taking him back to HIS house. see?

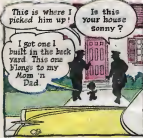
You *BET* you are... and I'll be *RIGHT BEHIND YOU!*

Make your siren go, huh?



You ever been to Texas, Mister?

No... *but I'm THINKING* about it!



This is where I picked him up!

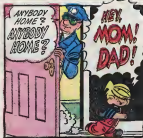
Is this your house, sonny?

I got one I built in the back yard. This one belongs to my Mom 'n Dad.



Hee! Nobody answers!

I SAW them wavin' goodbye to the kid!



ANYBODY HOME?  
ANYBODY HOME?  
ANYBODY HOME?

**HEY,  
MOM!  
DAD!**



THEY RAN AWAY AN' LEFT ME!!

SOME PARENTS! No wonder the kid is all MIXED UP!

YEAH! That lets ME out, huh?





Okay, you can take off. We call you if we need you.

Sure. Thanks!

**RUDD!**  
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



HUH? Why not?

He's got my six pennies and two washers!

Listen.. I've got 75 cents on my meter!



YA DIDN'T TAKE ME TO TEXAS! I WANT MY MONEY BACK!

Sure.. a deal's a deal!

Okay. Okay!



Hello, Juvenile Division? Officer Dooley reporting a deserted child.

YEAH! I LIKE dessert!



They'll send someone over to take care of you.

You're not **STRONG** enough, huh?



**STRONG!** I can lick my weight in **WILDCATS!**

Let's get some!



Officer Dooley? I'm Miss Pringle from the Juvenile Division. And is this the poor child?

Uh-huh.

I'm *RICH!*  
I got six pennies  
an two washers!



I'll wait awhile  
to see if the parents  
come home!

Okay,  
so long!

*CHICKEN!!*



I don't know  
*WHERE* that  
cab got to!

I'll call the cab  
company... they'll  
be able to trace it!

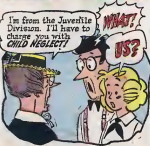


*RI!*  
*WHERE*  
*YOU*  
*GUYS*  
*BEEN?*

*WELL!*

*DENNIS!*

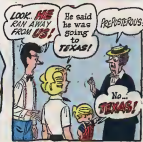
*THANK*  
*GOODNESS!*



I'm from the Juvenile  
Division. I'll have to  
charge you with  
*CHILD NEGLECT!*

*WHAT!*

*US?*

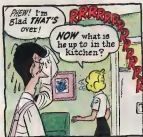


*LOOK. ME*  
*RAN AWAY*  
*FROM US!*

He said  
he was  
going  
to  
*TEXAS!*

*Preposterous!*

No...  
*TEXAS!*



# Dennis

on the

## WAR PATH



No fooling, Henry. I think you should have phoned your wife that you were bringing me home to dinner!

Nonsense—we always have plenty!



After you, old boy!

Thanks...but / still....



OOOF!

GOOD GRIEF!

WOOOO! WOOOO!



THAT was a MEAN TRICK, Dennis!

That was a INJUN track.

WHAT ON EARTH?!





Gosh, I'm sorry, Steve. Er...  
Steve is my wife, Alice. Alice.  
Steve Webster. And  
this is our boy,  
Dennis!

How do  
you do?

Me **BIG CHIEF**  
**RAIN IN FACE!**

Hummm!



I asked  
Steve for  
dinner.  
Alice  
**OHAY?**

Er...okay...-I mean..  
**OF COURSE!!**

**DINNER!**  
We don't  
have.

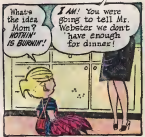


Excuse me...  
I think  
something's  
burning!

Sit down and  
*relax*, Steve.

Thanks,  
Henry!

**MYFBG!**



What's  
the idea  
Mom?  
**NOTHIN'**  
**IS BURNIN'!**

**I AM!** You were  
going to tell Mr.  
Webster we don't  
have enough  
for dinner!



You **SAID**  
we weren't  
havin' much  
tonight!

Well, I'll find  
*some thing!*



I'll scare  
him away  
with my  
knife!

**YOU'LL DO NOTHING**  
**OF THE KIND!!**

and thank heavens  
that's a **RUBBER**  
knife!



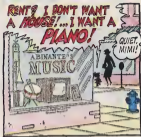






# SCREAMY Mimi











Why are ya  
cuttin' them  
in those  
funny shapes,  
Mom?

These are the  
design on the  
playing cards!  
This is  
a heart,  
see?



And these  
are diamonds...

THEM?



... clubs...

HUH?



... and spades

Little  
shovels,  
huh?



...and those are  
the different  
kinds of cards  
we play with!

I'll  
get  
my  
stuff  
and  
play  
WITH  
YA!

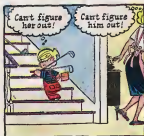


CLANK!

BANG!

WHOMP!







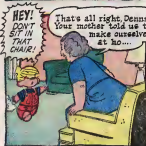
Let me take your things!

Is that the one that's probably just rabbit?



Er... I'll be right down. Make yourselves at home!

Yeah! Let's get the party started!



HEY! DON'T SIT IN THAT CHAIR!

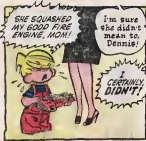
That's all right, Dennis. Your mother told us to make ourselves at ho...



EEEK!

WHAT ON EARTH?

I TOLD YA!



SHE SQUASHED MY GOOD FIRE ENGINE, MOM!

I'm sure she didn't mean to, Dennis!

I CERTAINLY DIDN'T!



Well, shall we play a game, girls?

fine

Yeah! What'll we play?



How many tricks did we get, partner?

Let's see... eight!

WATCH THIS TRICK EVERYBODY! *LOOSE!*



Go right up to your room, young man!

Aw, Mom! It's hard to *STEER* a cartwheel!



HEY! Let's dress up, huh?



Hello, Mrs. Mitchell! *MY*, you're lookin' pretty!



C'mon, boy! You, too!



HEY, RUFF! COME BACK HERE!



OH,  
NO!

Good  
heavens!

What's  
THAT?



It's just  
Ruff! He's  
playin' he's  
a people!

MY  
MINK!

MY  
HAT!

MY  
GOODNESS!



I  
thought  
you  
people  
came  
here  
to  
PLAY!

YOU go out and  
Play... this minute!



How does she  
STAND him all  
day... every day?

She  
must  
have  
nerves  
of  
steel!



You care if  
I have a  
sandwich,  
Ruff? No?  
Okay!





Have a couple more. They're little!



Boy! They went **FAST!** We'd better make some **MORE!**



**CLANK!**  
**BANG!**  
**CRASH!**  
**BAY!**  
**CR!**

**NOW WHAT?**



**DENNIS!** WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Your sandwiches were so good me'n Ruff just **HADDA** eat em! So we're makin' some more.



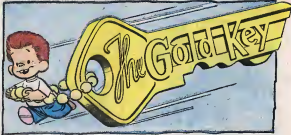
What are ya doin', Mom... laughin' or cryin'?

**BOTH!**



C'mon, Ruff! I guess we'd better just grab a banana and play outside!

END



**L**ITTLE Mike Morgan stood on the front seat of his new car and swung the big wheel from one side to the other. He checked his instruments, speedometer, heat, gas, oil, and then watched the road ahead.

Of course, it wasn't really his car. It was his folks' and of course he wasn't really driving. He was just pretending to be driving down the street where the car was parked in front of his house. Some day, though, he was going to own a car just like this. Well, maybe cars would be a lot different when he grew up, but Mike knew they would never make one any prettier than this one.

"Toot, toot!" he called. "Watch out! Here comes the nicest car in the whole world!" He looked down at the instruments again and discovered that the gold key was in the ignition. He knew it shouldn't ever be left in the car and thought he had better run in to tell his mother. She should have taken it out, after bringing the car home from taking Mike's father to work, but Mike was having too much fun, and anyway the key would be seen more like really driving. And nobody would try to steal their car here, because they know everybody on the block.

Mike sat down on the seat and looked at all the shiny knobs and buttons and dials. When they were driving, his father would let Mike operate two of them, the heater and the cigarette lighter, because they were near Mike when he sat between his father and mother.

"Pilot to co-pilot!" his father would call. "A little more heat, please!" And Mike would turn the right knob to turn the heater up. Or it would be, "Pilot to co-pilot! Cigarette lighter on!" And Mike would push in the electric cigarette lighter. Only he wasn't allowed to pull it out when it was hot, because he might burn himself. Their old car, which they had had ever since Mike could remember, hadn't had a heater or a cigarette lighter, or any of the wonderful things this car had.

When his father had driven up to the new car a few weeks ago and Mike realized it was

theirs, he had jumped up and down in excitement, but Mike's mother had noted very strangely. She didn't seem glad at all.

"It's very nice," she said, "but what about our budget?" Mike knew about the budget. It was a piece of paper with a lot of numbers on it. His folks worked on it every week and they explained to Mike that one number was for their rent, and one was for groceries, and several other things.

"We'll make it all right," his father said. "The old car needed a complete overhaul and we couldn't afford that either. The salesman gave me twice what it was worth on this one and this will last us for a long time."

So all they went on their first ride, Mike's father proudly explaining how everything worked. His mother tried to look happy, but Mike could see that she looked as she did when she was working on the budget, kind of anxious. "That's all right, Mom," he told her. "You can have what's in my penny bank and you won't have to give me my allowance every week. That'll help, won't it?" His mother smiled, but Mike could see that she was still worried. That night, Mike lay in bed and listened to them talk about numbers until he fell asleep.

Mike climbed over the seat into the back of the car to look at the instrument panel from there. It still bothered him to see the gold key in the lock. Nobody had better steal this car, or Mike would be real mad. It must have cost a lot of numbers in their budget, the way his folks talked about it. But then he started playing with his toys on the back seat and on the floor, and forgot about the gold key. Mike liked to play here better than any other place, at least while his friends, who were all older than him, were in school.

The sun heating on the steel top of the car made it warm and cozy inside. Mike yawned. He laid his head on the back seat and closed his eyes. In a few moments he slipped to the floor. Toot asleep.

He dreamed that he was riding in the car

with his folks on the highway, taking a long trip. The car just floated along, smooth and easy. Then it began to bump, harder and harder, as the highway got rougher. Mike woke with a start. The car was bumping! It was going! Maybe his father had come home early from work and was taking him for a surprise ride. Well, Mike would surprise him!

Mike jumped up and yelled, "Surprise, Dad!" Then he stared in astonishment. The driver wasn't his father! It was a roughly dressed, grim-faced man he'd never seen before! The man flashed a glance of surprise at him, then looked back at the road. "Clunk up here in the front seat," he said harshly. "Make it snuggy!"

Trembling, Mike obeyed. He looked outside. They were on a rough country road, one he had never seen before. "Where are we?" he asked. "Where are you taking me?"

"I didn't know I was taking you anywhere," the man said. "But now that you're here, I'll have to take you somewhere in the country and leave you."

"Leave me?" Mike said. "You mean you're going to take our new car?"

The man grinned crookedly. "Let's say I'm just borrowing it."

Mike didn't believe him! He was stealing their nice new car, the nicest car in the world, the car that his mother worried so much about and that his father was so proud of. Well, this man just couldn't do it, that's all!

But what could Mike do? He was just a little boy and this man was a tough crook. He couldn't turn off the ignition, because the gold key was on the man's side of the steering wheel and anyway, what good would that do? Then Mike's eyes fell on the instrument panel, and he had an idea! It was an awful thought, something he knew he shouldn't ever do. But this was a bad man, and it was the only way Mike knew to stop him!

Mike looked out the window and saw that they were driving through farmland dotted with a few scattered houses. The shoulders of the road were soft and muddy from the Fall rains and there were no roadside trees or posts as far as he could see. That made his idea less dangerous, but it still wouldn't be easy.

"Can I turn on the heater, Mister?" he asked the man. "It's getting cold!"

"I'll do it," the man said. "Which knob is it?"

"That's okay!" Mike said quickly. "I turn it on for my Dad all the time." As the man's dilted eyes went back to the road, Mike turned the heater knob and at the same time he pushed the electric cigarette lighter! Breathlessly he watched the man, but the man hadn't noticed.

Now the hardest part of all was coming, to get the lighter out when it clicked and hold it against the man's leg. Would the man see him and stop him? Or when the lighter burned him, would his reaction to the pain make him turn the car over? All Mike could do was to hope he

was doing the right thing. It was the only thing he could do!

Just as the lighter clicked, the car hit a turn and the man was busy as Mike got the lighter out and held it to the man's pants leg. As the man straightened out the car, nothing happened for a moment. Then a wisp of smoke rose from the cloth, the man gave a yell of pain and he grabbed for the lighter.

Out of control, the car swerved across the road, into the muddy shoulder and in a flash Mike had the door open and was running up the road toward a farmhouse. Behind him, he heard the man yell, "Come back here, you!", but Mike pounded on toward the safety of the house. He heard the car engine race as the wheels slipped in the mud, but now all he cared about was reaching that house!

He burst into the kitchen, panting, and startled the farm woman who was working at the stove. "Help me!" he cried. "That man! He stole our car! He's a crook!"

"Heey me!" the woman exclaimed. She hurried to the window. "There is a car there, stuck in the mud. And some man is running back up the road!"

Mike wasn't sure what happened after that, but before long his folks came in, and he was never so glad to see them in his life. For the first time, he realized how scared he had been.

"There, there," his mother soothed him. "They've got the man and our car is all right, thanks to you. Come on, we're going home."

The car, maddy but purring, carried them swiftly back. On the way, Mike's father told him, "You shouldn't ever do that to anyone, Mike, but this time it saved our car. And it did more than that. There was a reward out for that man that will almost pay off the car!"

"Boy, that's swell!" Mike exclaimed. "Gosh, I'm sorry I had to do it, but..."

"Never mind, co-pilot!" his father grinned. "Cigarette lighter in! And leave it in when it's hot. I'm so crook!"



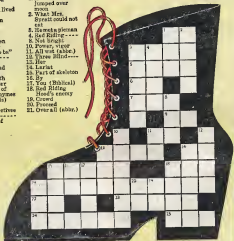
# TRY THIS • NURSERY RHYME PUZZLE

## Across

1. Clean living (abbr.)
2. Old woman lived in this
3. Midwestern State
4. Missouri (abbr.)
7. Opp. of even
8. This thing
11. Part of "to be"
12. Pylones---- White
14. Long Island (abbr.)
15. Take a bath
16. Lady soldier
19. Collection of nursery rhymes (two words)
22. Upon
23. A line, objection
24. Sleeping-----
25. In favor of

## Down

1. Animal that jumped over moon
2. What Mrs. Sperrit could not eat
3. He met a pleman
4. Red Riding----
5. Not bright
10. Pomar, vigor
11. All was (abbr.)
12. Three Blind----
13. Her
14. Lariat
16. Part of skeleton
18. By
17. You (Biblical)
18. Red Riding Hood's enemy
19. Coward
20. Pycosed
21. Overall (abbr.)



The answer to the crossword puzzle is: 1. Clean (abbr.) 2. Old woman lived in this 3. Midwestern State 4. Missouri (abbr.) 7. Opp. of even 8. This thing 11. Part of "to be" 12. Pylones---- White 14. Long Island (abbr.) 15. Take a bath 16. Lady soldier 19. Collection of nursery rhymes (two words) 22. Upon 23. A line, objection 24. Sleeping----- 25. In favor of  
 Down: 1. Animal that jumped over moon 2. What Mrs. Sperrit could not eat 3. He met a pleman 4. Red Riding---- 5. Not bright 10. Pomar, vigor 11. All was (abbr.) 12. Three Blind---- 13. Her 14. Lariat 16. Part of skeleton 18. By 17. You (Biblical) 18. Red Riding Hood's enemy 19. Coward 20. Pycosed 21. Overall (abbr.)

# Ruff



Well, if we'd known this, we'd have bought Ruff a present!

That's okay! I got a BETTER idea!

Yeah... like a ranch-type dog house!



Bzz... bzz...

A party? for HIM?

Shh! He's listening, honey!



Well, all right. I'll make one for him.

With lotsa whipped cream on it!

Listen, you don't mean you're actually going to bake Ruff a...



QUIET, DAD! This is a SURPRISE!

OH, PARDON ME!

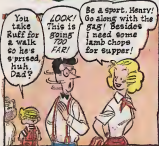
I'll make a cake out of D-O-G F-O-O-D, Henry.



You take Ruff for a walk so he's spread, huh, Dad?

LOOK! This is going TOO FAR!

Be a sport, Henry! Go along with the gag! Besides I need some lamb chops for supper!



Come along, BIRTHDAY BOY!









# Dennis THE MENACE



\* Mrs. I ~~WASHED~~ MYSELF I CONSIDERED EVERYTHING BUT MY GROSS \*



\* ARE YOU TRYING TO LOOK FUNNY? \*



\* W, FOR GEEK IF WE MAKE SOME CANDY? \*



\* IN SOMA ONE AM A BATH, WHY? \*

